

THE ANGELS' WHISPER.

[From Mr Lover's *Songs of the Superstitions of Ireland.*]

A baby was sleeping,
 Its mother was weeping,
 For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
 And the tempest was swelling
 Round the fisherman's dwelling,
 And she cried, 'Dermot, darling! oh, come back to me!'

Her beads while she numbered
 The baby still slumber'd,
 And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;
 'Oh, bless'd be that warning,
 My child, thy sleep adorning—
 For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

'And while they are keeping
 Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
 Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me—
 And say thou would'st rather
 They'd watch o'er thy father,
 For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.'

The dawn of the morning
 Saw Dermot returning,
 And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
 And closely caressing
 Her child with a blessing,
 Said, 'I knew that the angels were whispering with thee.'

* * * One of the popular superstitions of the Irish, is, that, when a smile plays over the face of a sleeping infant, angels are whispering with it.

DRIFTING OF CANOES TO VAST DISTANCES.—But very few of the numerous coral islets and volcanoes of the vast Pacific, capable of sustaining a few families of men, have been found untenanted; and we have, therefore, to inquire whence and by what means, if all the members of the great human family have had one common source, could those savages have migrated. Cook, Forster, and others, have remarked that parties of savages in their canoes must often have lost their way, and must have been driven on distant shores, where they were forced to remain, deprived both of the means and of the requisite intelligence for returning to their own country. Thus Capt. Cook found on the Island of Wateoo three inhabitants of Otaheite, who had been drifted thither in a canoe, although the distance between the two isles is 559 miles. In 1696, two canoes, containing thirty persons, who had left Ancoroso, were thrown by contrary winds and storms on the Island of Samar, one of the Phillipines, at a distance of 800 miles. In 1721, two canoes, one of which contained 24, and the other six persons, men, women, and children, were drifted from an Island called Farroilep to the Island of Guuham, one of the Marians, a distance of 200 miles.

Kotzebue, when investigating the Coral Isles of Radack, at the eastern extremity of the Caroline Isles, became acquainted with a person of the name of Kadu, who was a native of Ulea, an Isle 1500 miles distant, from which he had been drifted with a party. Kadu and three of his countrymen one day left Ulea in a sailing boat, when a violent storm arose, and drove them out of their course; they drifted about the open sea, for eight months, according to their own reckoning by the moon, making a knot on a cord at every new moon.—Being expert fishermen, they subsisted entirely on the produce of the sea; and when the rain fell, laid in as much fresh water as they had vessels to contain it. "Kadu, (says Kotzebue,) who was the

best diver, frequently went down to the bottom of the sea, where it is well known that the water is not so salt, with a cocoa-nut shell, with only a small opening." When these unfortunate men reached the Isles of Radack, every hope and almost every feeling had died within them; their sail had long been destroyed, their canoe had long been the sport of winds and waves, and they were picked up by the inhabitants of Aur, in a state of insensibility; but by the hospitable care of those islanders they soon recovered, and were restored to perfect health. Capt. Beechy, in his late voyage to the Pacific, fell in with some natives of the Coral Islands, who had in a similar manner been carried to a great distance from their native country.—They had embarked, to the number of 150 souls, in three double canoes, from Anna, or Chain Island, situated about three hundred miles to the eastward of Otaheite. They were overtaken by the monsoon, which dispersed the canoes, and, after driving them about the ocean, left them becalmed, so that a great number of persons perished. Two of the canoes were never heard of, but the other was drifted from one uninhabited island to another, at each of which the voyagers obtained a few provisions; and at length, after having wandered for a distance of 600 miles, they were found, and carried to their home in the ship Blossom.

The space traversed in some of these instances was so great, that similar accidents might suffice to transport canoes from various parts of Africa to the shores of South America, or from Spain to the Azores, and thence to North America; so that man, even in a rude state of society, is liable to be scattered involuntarily by the winds and waves over the globe, in a manner singularly analogous to that in which many plants and animals are diffused.—We ought not, then, to wonder, that during the ages required for some tribes of the human race to attain that advanced stage of civilization which empowers the navigator to cross the ocean in all directions with security, the whole earth should have become the abode of rude hunters and fishers. Were the whole of mankind now cut off, with the exception of one family, inhabiting the old and new continent, or Australia, or even some coral islet of the Pacific, we might expect their descendants, though they should never become more enlightened than the South Sea Islanders or the Esquimaux Indians, to spread in the course of age, over the whole earth, diffused partly by the tendency of population to increase, in a limited district beyond the means of subsistence, and partly by the accidental drifting of canoes by tides and currents to distant shores.

SUGAR REFINING, IN FRANCE.—As it is universally known that sirops are injured and decomposed by being too long exposed to an intense heat, various means have been tried to avoid the loss thereby incurred.

The methods which have met with most approbation, are 1st, the system of evaporating by steam; 2d, the system of evaporating *in vacuo*. Both are decided improvements on the process of evaporating on the naked fire.

But through the agency of steam, the sirops can be granulated only when raised to the temperature of 237° to 240° Fahrenheit, and when heated to that pitch, a material portion of the sirop is still decomposed.

The granulating *in vacuo* is attended with inconveniences of another kind. The system requires

a great supply of water, expensive and complicated machinery, very liable to get out of order; besides, the operation takes place in closed and airtight vessels, and the refiner cannot keep his eye upon it to direct it properly.

Some refiners have tried the use of atmospheric air to facilitate evaporation, but they have been obliged to renounce a scheme which they could not realize.

The art of sugar refining was, then, very far from perfection in France, when an invention, ingenious in its application, great in its results, and remarkable by a success which daily increases, produced a complete revolution in that branch of industry.

A refiner of Lisle, Mr. Brame Chevalier, struck with the idea of using simultaneously steam for raising the sirop to the proper degree of heat, and air, heated by the same steam, to maintain the sirop in a continual agitation, conceived the possibility of obtaining by this means a very rapid and extensive evaporation, at a very low temperature, thereby preserving the sirop from decomposition, and procuring a great economy of fuel and labor, and also greater returns in sugar.

This very ingenious theory has been most successfully realized. Nothing can be more perfect or better contrived, than the apparatus by which these results have been obtained.

A generator supplies the steam required to work a pump, which drives the air into a cylinder; there the steam heats the air to a proper degree; the heated air is then driven under the false bottom of a boiling pan, heated itself by steam, and escapes by small apertures thro' the sirop, which it causes to boil immediately. The surplus of steam and heated air is used for warming the stove and store rooms, so that every operation of sugar refining, even that of clarifying, may be made with one boiler and one machine, without the slightest danger of fire.

The boiling takes place in an instant, and as soon as the hot-air cock is opened. Evaporation takes place at 133° Fahrenheit; granulation is effected in eight minutes, between 178° and 196° Fahrenheit.

Martinique sugars of the fourth quality, worked in this machine, do not produce more than six per cent. treacle, and fourteen per cent. of pale brown sugar, called in France *Vergeoise*.

But great and important as this system is for sugar refiners, it is still more beneficial to sugar manufacturers, who extract the sugar from the beet root or the cane. It is easily conceived, as the saccharine juices, which do not weigh more than ten degrees, must be exposed much longer to the fire than the sirops proceeding from the melted sugar, which weigh generally thirty degrees. Moreover, by blowing hot air through the juices, they are purified of any unpleasant taste they may have acquired.

Finally, the advantages which account for the decided preference obtained by the system of Mr. Brame Chevalier, consist in its procuring more and finer sugar from the same quantity of raw materials of the same sort, and, moreover, in manufacturing, with greater rapidity, a superior sort of sugar.

NAMES OF FLOWERS.—The word "geranium" is soft and elegant; the meaning is poor, for it comes from a Greek word signifying—a crane, the fruit having a form resembling that of a crane's

head or bill. Crane's bill is the English name of geranium; though the learned appellation has superseded the vernacular. But what a reason for naming a flower! as if the fruit were any thing in comparison, or any cared about it. Such distinctions, it is true, are useful to botanists; but as plenty of learned names are sure to be reserved for the free-masonry of the science, it would be better for the world at large to invent joyous and beautiful names for these images of joy and beauty. In some instances, we have them; such as heart's-ease, honey-suckle, marygold mignonette, (little darling), daisy, (day's eye), &c. And many flowers are so lovely, and have associated names otherwise unmeaning so pleasantly with one's memory, that no new ones would sound so well, or seem even to have such proper significations. In pronouncing the words lilies, roses, pinks, tulips, jonquils, we see the things themselves, and seem to taste all their beauty and sweetness. "Pink" is a harsh, petty word in itself, and yet assuredly it does not seem so; for in the word we have the flower. It would be difficult to persuade ourselves that the word "rose" is not very beautiful. "Pea" is a poor, Chinese-like monosyllable; and "briar" is rough and fierce, as it ought to be; but when we think of sweet-pea and sweet-briar, the words appear quite worthy of their epithets. The poor monosyllable becomes rich in sweetness and appropriation; the rough dissyllable also; and the sweeter for its contrast. But what can be said in behalf of the liver-wort, blood-wort, dragon's head, devil's bit, and devil in a bush? There was a charming line in some verses in our last week's journal, written by a lady.

I've marred your blisses,

Those sweete kisses

That the young breeze so loved yesterday!

I've seen ye sighing,

Now ye're dying;

How could I take your prettie lives away!

But you could not say this to the dragon's head and devil's bit:

O dragon's head, devil's bit, blood wort, say,

How could I take your pretty lives away!

This would be like Dryden's version of the pig-squeaking in Chaucer:

Poor swine! as if their pretty hearts would break.

The names of flowers in general, among the polite, are neither pretty in themselves, nor give us information. The country people are apt to do them more than justice. Goldy-locks, ladies'-fingers, bright-eye, rose-a-rubie, shepherd's-clock, shepherd's purse, sauce-alone, scarlet runners, sops-in-wine, sweet-william, &c. give us some ideas, either useful or pleasant. But from the peasantry also come some uncongenial names, as bad as those of the botanist. Some of the latter are handsome as well as learned, have meanings easily found out by a little reading or scholarship, and are taking their place accordingly in popular nomenclatures; as amaranth, adonis, arbutus, asphodel, &c., but many others are as ugly as they are far-fetched, such as colchicum, tagetes, yucca, ixia, mesembryanthemum; and as to the Adansonia, Browallias, Koempferias, John Tomkinsias, or whatever the personal names may be that are bestowed at the botanic font by their proud discoverers or godfathers, we have a respect for botanists and their pursuits, and wish them all sorts of little immortalities except these; unless they could unite them with something illustrative of the flowers as well as themselves.

FIRESIDE ENJOYMENTS.—I dearly love what may be called fireside enjoyments. Music!—yes, it decidedly is, or ought to be, one; and a young lady employed in the exercise of that exquisite talent, for the purpose of soothing or enlivening the dear home circle, is ever an object of interest and affection. How delicious are some of our sweet ballads sung in the soft twilight—papa and mamma tranquilly listening to the well remembered notes of “The winter is past,” “The Birks of Endermay,” or the thrilling combination of sense and sound in the “Exile of Erin,” and their blessing God for having given them an unspotted child, who, though it may be rich, and young, and beautiful, derives more delight from their approval than from the applause of the gay and brilliant.

Books!—what pleasure do they not impart?—Quick—draw the curtains—the circular table a little nearer the fire; Emily, the dear little Emily, on her own particular stool at mamma’s feet, her fine doll in her lap, which she is stealthily undressing, lest papa should be shocked at seeing it *en robe de nuit*; Martha, the good natured Martha, arranging some flowers in her *hortus siccus*; Rebecca, the sage, the wise young woman of the family, pondering over “The Foreign Review,” or the last “Quarterly,” or the sound yet laughing “Blackwood,” or my especial favorite “The British Magazine!” mamma investigating the contents of a “Tidy,” that newly invented receptacle of torn clothes, sighing over portions of the dilapidated wardrobe of seven children; papa turning the leaves of a musty folio, the stock-book of the household for various purposes; while Alfred, the eldest hope of the family, stretches his feet on Pompey’s silky seat, and tosses over and over an aged newspaper, from which (silly fellow) he knows he can derive no information. Gentle reader!—fancy such a scene, in a country mansion, some forty or sixty miles from London, at the beginning of November; and fancy also, old Daniel, or old Joseph, or old Samuel—any old servant will do—entering with a parcel, a London parcel of books! Just fancy the delight such an event must occasion to such a party, who are all, with the exception of mamma, who has too much to think of, and Emily, who does not think at all, somewhat *bookwormish*; how charming! a parcel containing the best of Colburn’s publications, for those seniors of the party who ought to know how the proceedings of the literary world are conducted; books from Westly and Davis, fit for the Sabbath and the serious; and such charming pretty looking things from Hailes and Harris, as make even Emily forget her doll. A heap of delightful annuals for those who love pretty pictures and rational amusements. How much are we indebted to them during the winter evenings, when out of doors the snow is deep, and the wind piercing!

I might say, and with truth too, that for very little masters and misses, a quiet game of blind-man’s buff is seasonable at Christmas time, particularly when a steady person is present to call “fire” and prevent mischief; though I almost fear that to express such an opinion is likely to bring me into disrepute with the young *elegantes*, and those smart juvenile gentlemen who come under the denomination of *little dandies*—troublesome monkeys! I could better, by a thousand times, endure a good romping boy, than a mincing, finikin, perking, bowing, simpering *Jemmy Jessamy*, with kidded hands, perfumed handkerchief, and empty head. But I am sure all little creatures,

roly-polys under eight, will forgive me, ay, and love me too, for tolerating blind man’s-buff.

I am sorry that needle-work goes out of fashion; it is a gentlemanly amusement, and ought not to be neglected, particularly by those who have many brothers and sisters, and whose parents are not rich. Many girls, I am sorry to say, despise their needle, and affect to think work unfit occupation for genteel or intellectual beings. I both grieve for, and am angry with such misses. I can tell them that many of our high-born noble ladies employ their fingers in framing clothes for the poor and desolate widows and orphans of our distressed country. And I can also tell them that the sensible and instructive Hoffman, the playful and highly gifted Mitford, ay, and even the graceful and elegant Landon, think it no disgrace to form themselves the garbs in which they are always fascinating, because always unaffected. One advantage of the generality of female occupation is, that the mind can be engaged either in hearing or reflecting, when the fingers are employed in plain work, or even in embroidery; and nothing is more delightful than a party enlivened by alternate reading and music, where the greater number are not too fine to be industrious.—*Mrs. Hall.*

ANECDOTE OF VANDYKE.—The travellers who visit the Pays Bas will find in every town collections of pictures more or less important, and *chefs d’œuvre* of the old masters in many of the village churches. The celebrated picture of ‘St. Martin dividing his cloak with the Beggars’ is in the small church of a village a few miles from Brussels.—The history of this work is not a little interesting. Rubens, it is well known, not only recommended Vandyke to visit Italy for his improvement, but furnished him with the means, and letters of introduction. While he halted for a few days at Brussels, on his way, there happened to be a *kermess* there, into the merriment of which he entered with much spirit. At a *cabaret*, where there was a ball, he saw a beautiful country girl, with whom he danced, and became so desperately enamoured of her loveliness, that he followed her home to the above village; and, contriving to scrape an acquaintance with her family, he thought of nothing else. In the mean time the funds with which his generous patron had supplied him were daily diminishing; and he found that, unless they could be replaced, it would be necessary to abandon his Italian expedition. In this dilemma he applied to the *cure* of the village, stating that he was an historical painter and understanding that an altar piece was wanted for the church, he agreed to paint one on very moderate terms. The priest smiled at the stripling’s pretensions to execute such a work, and put him off saying ‘there were no funds.’ Vandyke, however, insisted on making the experiment, only demanding to be supplied with canvass. ‘He would paint the picture,’ he said and leave the price to the *cure*’s liberality.’ Inspired, we may easily believe, by the love and romance of a young heart, the future painter of kings and courtiers instantly commenced his work, and finished it in a few weeks. The priest, though no connoisseur, could not help admiring the beautiful figure of the Saint and sent for a friend at Brussels to judge of its merits. This person had some taste, and recommended its purchase; but the youth would neither tell his name nor fix the price of his labors. It is, however, said

that he obtained for it 100 florins, (a considerable sum in those days,) and being thus again enabled to pursue his journey, he bid adieu to his dulcinea, and departed for Italy. This anecdote is given in a rare little work, 'Sketches of the Flemish Artists,' published at the Hague in 1642.

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE-DAME.—This is a powerful work, from the pen of Victor Hugo, an author who has distinguished himself in almost every department of imaginative literature, and who is considered one of the best novelists of the day. The genius of the writer is conspicuous, not only in the wonderful nature of the scenes which he describes, but in the originality of the different characters which are living and moving before our sight. The Gipsy girl, Esmeralda, is a beautiful creation of fancy; and how strikingly is her devotion—her purity of mind—contrasted with the selfishness and vanity of him, to whom her fondest love was given. But the two individuals whose characters are most powerfully conceived, are Quasimodo, the Hunchback,—and the Archdeacon, Claude Frolo. The scene, in which the death of the latter is described, is one of the most thrilling and exciting, we have ever met in the writings of any author; and would, of itself, be sufficient to impress on the mind of the reader, a sense of the genius and original powers of the author. The following extract is from a review of the work in the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser:—

"In the Hunchback, Victor Hugo has trod nearly the same ground as Scott, in his *Quentin Durward*, and many of the same personages whom the great wizard has rendered classic in Romance, have been again introduced to the world, as Louis XI., Oliver le Daine and the ugly provost Tristan l'Hermitte. Hugo did not venture on such materials without a sufficient knowledge of his craft. He has used them with singular effect and added to them many others, of his own, which sufficiently attest his creative power. Among these the Gipsy girl La Esmeralda is the most powerfully drawn, and the most interesting. Quasimodo is absolutely repulsive, so savagely is he depicted—and the Archdeacon softened by a love he cannot repress, is a potent and beautiful illustration of the omnipotence of the passion. But perhaps the graphic distinctness of his descriptions, constitutes the most marked feature of his style. He is the Martin of novelists, and Notre-Dame in its ancient, and present state is a subject not surpassed by any writer—it is like a panorama commencing with the 15th century—and gradually revolving to the present. His account seems absolutely moss grown; the whole work is so full of stirring incidents and striking adventures, that, leaving all its other attractions aside, the Hunchback would be read with more general and deep interest than any novel of the day. It is to our mind equally grand, impressive and entertaining, and has won the warmest suffrage of praise from the ablest and the severest critics of the time."

The volumes are published by Carey, Lea and Co., Philadelphia, and W. D. Ticknor of this city.

SONG.

Oh! bright is the spot, be that spot where it will,
Where thine eye is enthron'd in its brilliancy still,
Though it shone on the desert or beam'd on the sea,
Wherever it is—'tis Elysium to me.

Should I climb the rough mountains where nature is drear,

Or rove through the vallies, I think it is there,
Shining out—shining out—like the glimmering ray
Of the cottager's lamp to the pilgrim astray.

To form that eye the young spirit of love
Stole a tinge of pure white from an angel above;
The sun gave a beam, and the sky gave a hue,
From the innermost shade of its loveliest blue.

Thus form'd so divinely—no marvel my heart
Should follow thee, dearest, wherever thou art,
For bright is the spot—be that spot where it will,
Where thine eye is enthron'd in its brilliancy still.

DEATH OF ANIMALS.—How striking is the contrast between the scene of an animal in the full vigor of its powers, either rapidly bounding across the plain, or gliding beneath the wave, or soaring in the elevated regions of air, and the spectacle of the same animal lying, the next moment, extended at our feet, bereft at once of activity and of sense—of all the faculties and powers that constitute life. Can we contemplate without amazement so complete and instantaneous a change; so sudden and awful a catastrophe? Must we not be animated by an eager desire to penetrate so great a mystery, and resolve the many questions which so striking a phenomenon must naturally suggest? What, we are led to ask, is the nature of this extraordinary revolution, extending over the whole of that frame which had so long delighted the eye by its beauty, and producing this sudden and irretrievable extinction of the powers of life? How comes it that all those mighty energies which the animal had so lately displayed, and which had called forth our admiration, perhaps even excited our envy, are at once and for ever annihilated?—What was the bond thus suddenly dissevered, which held together the various parts of that compound frame? What potent spell has been dissolved, which could retain in combination for so long a period the multifarious elements of that exquisite organization; and from the control of which being now released, these elements hasten to resume their wonted attractions, and entering into new forms of combination, are scattered into dust, or dissipated in air, leaving no trace of their former union? What mechanism has been employed in its construction? What refined chemistry has been exerted in assimilating new particles of matter to those previously organized, and in appropriating them to the nourishment of the parts with which they became identified? By what transcendent power, above all, did this assemblage of material particles first become animated by the breath of life: and from what elevated source did they derive those higher energies, apparently so foreign to their inherent properties, and investing these once lifeless and inert materials with the exalted attributes of activity, of sensation, of perception, of intelligence? Shall we ever comprehend the nature of this subtle and pervading principle, by the agency of which all these wonderful phenomena of life are produced, and which combining into one harmonious system so many heterogeneous and jarring elements, has led to the formation of this exquisite frame, this elaborate machine, this miraculous assemblage of faculties?

CONSCIENCE.

The following beautiful lines are by the Rev. George Croley, and rank deservedly among his happiest efforts. They will be admired by every genuine lover of poetry.

"Where is the king, with all his purple pomp—
Where is the warrior plumed, the ermined judge,
With all his insolent pleaders—where the sage—
Where all wise, powerful, fearful, frowning, things,
That can for all their frowning, send an eye
An inch within my bosom?

There's my rock,
My castle, my sealed fountains, sacred court;
That shuts man out. There holy Conscience sits,
Judging more keenly than the ermined judge,
Smiting more deeply than the warrior's sword—
More mighty than the sceptre. There my deeds,
My hopes, fears, vanities, wild follies, shames,
Are all arraigned. So Heaven be merciful.

The man acquitted at the fearful bar,
Holds the first prize the round world has to give,
'Tis like Heaven's sunshine—priceless. For all else
The praise of others is as virgin gold,
Earth's richest offering to be sought with pain,
Yet not to be pined for; worthy of all search,
But not of sorrow—as th' inferior prize;
Not as our breath of breath, or life of life,
The flowing river of our inward peace,
The noble confidence, that bids man look
His fellow man, i' the face, and be the thing,
Fearless and upward eyed, that God has made him."

FORCE OF IMAGINATION.—A few years ago a celebrated Physician, author of an excellent work on the force of imagination, being desirous to add experimental to his theoretical knowledge, made application to the minister of justice to be allowed an opportunity of proving what he asserted by an experiment on a criminal condemned to death.—The minister complied with his request, and delivered over to him an assassin—a man who had been born of distinguished parents. The Physician told him that several persons who had taken an interest in his family, had obtained leave of the minister that he should suffer death in some other way than on the scaffold, to avoid the disgrace of a public execution; and that the easiest death he could die would be of blood-letting. The criminal agreed to the proposal, and counted himself happy in being freed from the painful exhibition which he would otherwise have been made of, and rejoiced at being thus enabled to spare the feelings of his friends and family. At the time appointed the physician repaired to the prison, and the patient having been extended on a table, his eyes bound, and every thing ready, he was slightly pricked near the principal veins of the legs and arms with the point of a pin. At the four corners of the table were four little fountains filled with water, from which issued small streams falling into basins placed there to receive them.

The patient thinking that it was his blood that trickled into the basin, became weaker and weaker by degrees, and the remarks of the medical men in attendance in reference to the quality and appearance of the blood (made with that intention) increased the delusion, and he spoke more and more faintly, until his voice was at length scarcely audible. The profound silence which reigned in the apartment, and the constant dropping of the fountains, had so extraordinary an effect on the brain of the poor patient, that all his vital energies were soon gone, although before a very strong man, and he died without having lost a single drop of blood.—*Le Camelion.*

RESIGNATION.—It was a winter night. The wind whistled around and the snow whitened the roofs. Beneath one of these roofs, in a narrow chamber, were seated, working with their needles, a woman with white hair and a young maiden.—And, from time to time, the aged woman warmed her thin hands over a pan of coals. A lamp of clay lighted the miserable room, and a ray of the lamp had just died away on an image of the Virgin, hung upon the wall. And the young maiden, raising her eyes, watched for some moments, in silence, the woman with the white hair; then she said unto her, 'My mother, you have not always been thus destitute.' And there was an inexpressible sweetness and tenderness in her voice. And the woman with the white hair replied, 'My daughter, God is the master; what he does is well done.' Having said these words, she held her peace for a space, and then continued, 'When I lost your father, it seemed unto me as a sorrow which could not be comforted. Yet you remained unto me; but then I thought of one thing only. Since I have thought that he lived; and since, as in this poverty his heart would have broken. Then I knew that God had been good unto him.' The young maiden answered nothing; but she bowed her head, and some tears, which she sought to hide, fell on the linen which she held in her hand.—Then said her mother, 'God, who was good unto him, has been good unto us. For what have we wanted, when many want for all? It is true that we have needed to do with but little, and that little to gain by our labor; but this little, has it not sufficed unto us, and have not all, even from the beginning, been condemned to live by the work of their hands? God in his goodness has given us our daily bread, and how many have none? a shelter, while many know not where to lay their head? He has given thee unto me, my child; wherefore should I complain?' At these last words the young maiden was moved, and she fell at her mother's knees, and took her hands, and kissed them, and leant upon her bosom weeping. And the mother forced herself to uplift her voice. 'My daughter,' said she, 'happiness is not to possess much, but to hope and to love much. Our hope is not here below, nor yet our love; and if they are, it is but in passing. After God, you are my all in this world; but this world vanisheth like unto a dream; and therefore doth my love raise itself with thee to another world. When I bore you in my bosom, one day I prayed fervently unto the Virgin Mary, and she appeared unto me in my sleep, and I thought that, with a celestial smile, she gave me a little infant. And I took the infant which she gave me, and while I held it in my arms, the Virgin Mother placed on its head a crown of white roses. A few months after, and you were born; and the fair vision was for ever before my eyes.' So saying, the woman with the white hair arose, and pressed the young woman to her heart. A little while from that time a sainted soul beheld two luminous forms ascending unto heaven; and a band of angels accompanied them, and the air rang with their sounds of joy.

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.—At the battle of Bunker Hill, when the Americans had retired from the field, the British still kept up a random cannonading. Three Americans sat down upon the grass to tell each other of their "hair breadth escape," and to discuss withal the contents of their canteens. While thus regaling themselves, they were thrown into great consternation by a can-

non ball which struck the ground within a few yards of where they were sitting; two of the men sprang to their feet in an instant and attempted to find some other place of security; while a facetious character, by the name of Smith, from Gil-mantown, N. H. seated himself upon the exact spot where the ball struck, and looking up in the direction from whence it came, with no apparent concern said, "Boo! Shoot away, and be hanged, you can't hit twice in one place."

MACKINTOSH'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—This work is part of the result of an engagement of several literary gentlemen, to produce concise and popular histories of the several portions of the British Empire. Sir Walter Scott was to prepare the History of Scotland, Thomas Moore was to give us the annals of his own loved Ireland, and Sir James Mackintosh engaged to produce a History of England. This intelligent and accomplished gentleman had proceeded in his work as far as the reign of Elizabeth, when his labors were terminated by his sudden death. The volume before us is an elegant octavo of 464 pages, published by Carey, Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia, and may be found in this city among the popular publications of W. D. Ticknor.

The History of Hume, with its continuation by Smollett and Bissett, is a work well known to all readers of history, and is generally regarded as a correct and standard work; but it was judged that a history, less diffuse, and less expensive, might comprise all which would be requisite for the information of common readers, who are not disposed to expend too much time and money in the attainment of historical information. It appears to have been the original intention to have given the work to the public in one volume, but the writer became so diffuse after the commencement of the 16th century, that another volume, at least, will be requisite to complete the plan, which is promised by Dr. Lardner. The object at which Sir James Mackintosh appears to have aimed, was, to give a summary of the most memorable events of English history, in regular succession, with such occasional remarks as would elucidate the progress of the nation toward civil and religious liberty. His views will be regarded by Americans as more liberal, than those of most English historians, and it will by many be regretted that he did not live to finish a work which he had commenced with such ability. It must also be a subject of regret that the work was not continued in stricter conformity to the original intention. As it is, there is more space allotted to the delineation of characters and events during the reigns of Henry VIII and his three children, than to those of all the time previous; and the reign of Elizabeth, which is still incomplete, receives more attention, than the history of the nation from the earliest times to the reign of Henry IV, a period of more than 14

centuries. The early portion of this history is of peculiar interest. The writer has been more particular than Hume, in regard to the portion of the history before the time of William of Normandy, while he has at the same time studied brevity and conciseness. The history of the English nation can never be uninteresting. It forms a natural introduction to our own, and however we may affect to disregard the institutions of the British Empire, we can never divest ourselves of the knowledge, that the soil of England is that which was trodden by our fathers, and that her people are our brethren.

LIFE OF ROBERT MORRIS.—We have been interested in the perusal of a sketch of the life of Robert Morris, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, from the pen of David Gould, the well known and excellent teacher of book-keeping. It is comprised in a handsome volume of about 130 pages, and furnishes the most important incidents and events in the life of that eminent merchant and financier, together with some extracts from his most celebrated speeches. There is not a character in the whole range of American history so well suited to the study of young men of business as that of Robert Morris; and we are surprised that no one has before held him up as a bright example for those who are coming forward soon to control the moneyed affairs of the country. He rose at a fortunate period, was successful in his early mercantile operations, and became one of the most important agents of our infant government in her weakest state. Botta, in his War of Independence, has unqualifiedly asserted that "the Americans owed, and still owe as much acknowledgment to the financial operations of Rob't Morris, as to the negotiations of Benjamin Franklin, or even to the arms of Washington."

Mr. Morris in middle life was wealthy and sustained the credit of the country; but in advanced age, when he most needed the fruits of his labors, he became embarrassed and impoverished, and by unfeeling creditors was actually immured in jail! The bookselling agents of the author are Messrs. Light and Horton.

THE FRENCH FISHERMAN.

We had scarcely swallowed our meagre breakfast of weevily biscuit and cocoa next morning, when the poor old captive was sent for to be examined by the Captain. His sloop lay within half a cable's length of our starboard-quarter. Her sails were neatly furled, and, as if to mock the misery of the old man's feelings, she looked better than he had ever seen her look before. The English union-jack hung in loose folds over a small cotton tri-colored flag at her mast-head; and the little skiff, which had carried the old man to his cottage for more than forty years, was moored under her stern. The sea, extending along the coast